

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade, so named for my valiancy.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

Cade. My father, was a Mortimer.

Dicke. He was an honest man, and a good bricke-layer.

Cade. My mother came of the Lacies.

Nicke. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & sold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a
hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seene him whipt two market dayes together.

Cadr. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He neede not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

Dicke. But methinkes he should feare the fire, being so often
burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes
reformation: you shall haue seuen halfepeny loaues for a penny,
and the three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoopes, and it shalbe fel-
lony to drinke small beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke
of my score, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing
but the score and the Tally, and there shall be no lawes but such
as come from my mouth.

Dicke. Wee shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into
the mouth the other day.

Geo. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so, that one
cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine, a prize.

Cade. Who's that *Will*?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast
account,

Yorke and Lancaster.

account, I tooke him setting of boyes copies, and he has a book
in his pocker with red letters.

Cade. Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him hither.
Now fir, what's your name?

Clarke. Emanuell fir, and it shall please ye.

Dicke. It will go hard with you I tell ye,
For they vse to write that ore the top of Letters.

Cade. What do ye vse to write your name? Or do you as an-
cient forefathers haue done, vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay truly fir, I praise God I haue bene so wel broght
vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh he has confest, go hang him with his pen and inke-
horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captaine, Newes, newes, fir *Humfrey Stafford* and his
brother are coming with the Kings power, & mean to kil vs all.

Cade. Let them come, he's but a Knight is he?

Tom. No, no, he's but a Knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, Ile make my selfe Knight.
Kneele downe Iohn Morremers,

Rise vp fir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. I his brother.

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher.

He knights him.

Rise vp fir Dicke Butcher. Now sound vp the drum.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his Brother, with
Drum and Soldiers.*

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues, I passe not a pin,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Staf. Why Country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his Father was a brick-layer.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardiner, what then?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Staf. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade.